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ADVENTURES

UNDER-GROUND.

A

LETTER

FROM A

GENTLEMAN

Swallowed up in the late

EARTHQUAKE

To a FRIEND on his Travels.

*Quæque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui.*

VIRGIL.

L O N D O N:

Printed for WILLIAM FALSTAFF, near
St. Pauls, 1750.

[Price Six-Pence.]

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UNDER-GROUND

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Written up by the late

FARTHOUSAK

To a Friend on his Travels

1

By the same Author

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Vol. I.

L O N D O N

Printed for William Foulsham, and

at Foulsham, 1780.

[Price 2s. 6d.]



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A

LETTER, &c.

Dear **

RICHMOND.

WHEN we took our Leave a few Weeks ago, before you set out on your Travels, I felt the utmost Uneasiness in separating from an old Friend, and yielded to your Departure with Anxiety. I was sensible the Tour of *Europe* would occasion a long Absence. The Manners and Constitutions of various People cannot fail to attract a youthful Patriot, and detain him from his Country, even out of Love to his Country. Many a Statue will rival an old Acquaintance: The Conversation of a speaking Picture will atone for the Absence of

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a dis-

(4)

a distant Friend : I often grow out of Humour with this Hill, and persuade myself it has no Beauties, since they were not powerful enough to eclipse the *Campagna* of *Italy*.

When a Hint fell from you of a Design to double the *Morea*, and reconnoitre the *Turks* at *Constantinople*, nay of passing over to *Egypt* and visiting Pyramids and Catacombs ; how was I pleased that *Wilkins* failed in his Wings, and that there is no way of conveying you to the Moon.— It is some Comfort that you cannot take the Tour of the Planets—In the present Situation of Philosophy, I expect to see you weeping that you have not more Worlds to travel.

But you will tell me that your own Country, divided from the World, will become a new one to you after all our Earthquakes ; and indeed

Portents and Prodigies are grown so rife,
DRYDEN.



that I congratulate you on your Departure, thought at first I thought of it with Regret. Had you stayed a few Days longer, you would in all Probability have travelled to a new World, as many of us you have left behind you have done. You have, no doubt, read the Account of the dreadful and melancholy Earthquake, that happened between twelve and one o'Clock in the Morning, on *Thursday* the Fifth of *April*. I have never heard a single Word in it contradicted; and the Author seems to have given a pretty genuine Account, as far as his Intelligence would permit: but you are not to expect a compleat and fully satisfactory Account from any one individual; for as we do not form our Notion of a Battle from one or two Letters, but by comparing the Accounts received from each Part and Division of the Army; so we are carefully to peruse what every one has to say, who was present in an Earthquake, and to learn the general Fate from particular Narrations. The great Share I have

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born in these marvellous Events is so well known to the World, that no one can dispute my Authority: Besides, you in particular can testify the serious Temper, with which I am always wont to treat so solemn a Subject.

Not to keep you any longer in suspense. When the fatal Night was come, I ordered some minced Veal for my farewell Supper, Lord *Levat*'s Food before his Execution. I made some other Preparations for Death. I think I said my Prayers; a Thing not wholly unprecedented in *London*, even without being rung to them by the Shock of an Earthquake. Soon after I retired to Rest: When I got into bed, I fell into so sound a Sleep, either through the Clearness of my Conscience, or the Fulness of my Stomach, that I never woke, till I was at least two Miles and a half Underground.

You may believe the House could not remove so far, especially downwards,
without

without making some Disturbance: Indeed my Rest was entirely broke by the Noise: However, I got up immediately, and ordered the Man of the House, who I took care beforehand should be a Tallow-chandler, to bring me a Light: For though I was beginning to lead the Life of a Mole, I was not prepared, like that Animal, with Eyes to see in the Dark.

When my Landlord appeared with the Candle, I observed the learned Doctor *M—d—t—n* following him in; asking Pardon for intruding, and accusing the People at the next Door, where he lodged, for hurrying so precipitately out of Town, as to forget to leave out Lights. He was very sorry, he was so fool-hardy as to venture into *London* to show his Sincerity in writing against Miracles; especially as his Sincerity in that Point has never been questioned. “ Besides (said he) this
 “ may be a Miracle upon the Scheme of
 “ Natural Religion; and God forbid I
 “ should deny any Miracles, but those
 “ of C—st.”

I was

I was very happy (if any one can be happy so far under-ground) in living at a Place, where every one had some Business in those Regions of Darkness. When they had burnt out all the Wax-Candles at the *King's-Arms* Tavern, which was reduced to the same Level with us, they found their Way to our humbler Luminaries. Most of those gay Gentlemen, if I may credit the Porter, seemed pretty well reconciled to that State of Life, to which (in their own free Language) it had pleased God to call them; by considering they lived Day and Night on *Champaign* and *Burgundy*, without paying any Reckoning: For though Mr. *Ryan*, their *Arbiter elegantiarum*, was very regular in preparing the Bill, yet they swore it was against their Rules to pay a Bill in a Tavern before they saw *Day-light*.

You cannot think how we pined at the uncertain Fate of——heark in your Ear--- who we feared was exalted a good deal too near the Skies: It would have been a great Satisfaction to us to have seen him under-ground; but upon my Return to the

the Light, I found he had made a Voyage
to a worse Place :

*Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine captos
Ducit———* OVID.

As for our prodigious W-rr---r ; it is well known he drove into Town the dreadful Evening, when so many were running away from it ; by which he gave as strong an Instance of personal Courage to all who met him, as he could possibly give. And here let me lament the Fate of that learned Attorney and Lover of Heraldry, who, while he run from Coach to Coach, in order to find who went out of Town by the Coats of Arms, and to inform of them to the List-writers, was unluckily run over by the Horse of this wonderful Hero.

O Loss to Sciences and liberal Arts! ”

What became of the prodigious W-rr---r himself, I know not ; but surely his Laurels would flourish even more than they
do

do, if the R---t was under-ground. Be this as it will, his Health was drank every Day below; I assure you nothing is more common in the inferior Regions.

The B----p of L---n, (we all know) according to the best Accounts, was the first swallowed up: However this may be, while I continued in the Earth, I did not hear he was on the same Floor with myself; which makes a great many imagine that he souced directly into his own Place somewhat lower. An Independent Elector cryed out upon this Occasion, *So perish all, who speak for Bribery and Corruption.*

I found that Theatrical Grandee Mr. Q---n complaining that " the World was
 " made of nothing but Trap-doors. By
 " G-d (said he) if that little Miniature
 " Actor, Mr. G---ck, has kept above-
 " ground, he may now triumph without
 " a Rival; for, if B---y is still on the
 " same Stage, he cannot blacken his
 " Face

" Face every Night ; and as for his Fi-
 " gure, it is made damnably *bigger than*
 " *the Life.*"

One time Mr. T--y ran wild about,
 crying, *A Light, a Light ! A new Face*
for a Light. It seems in pursuing his In-
 trigues, he met with a Disaster, and got
 to bed to *his Wife.*

Doctor L--f--n came into our Abode
 one Day, telling us, " That he had---
 " taken Advantage of the Darknefs, and
 " had been ---- endeavouring ---- for a
 " Matter of seven and forty Hours and
 " nineteen Minutes---or may be one and
 " twenty Minutes----or may be two or
 " three Minutes more or may be lefs---
 " actually to make a *Camera obscura*---
 " but that ---- really----he failed in the
 " Experiment---which---obliged him to
 " have Recourse---to the Place where he
 " was then---for about a Pound of Can-
 " dles." But before we took our Leave,
 he informed us of the whole Cause of the
 Earthquake, " which (he said) the Roy-

“ al Society could never find out---but
 “ that a very great modern Historian----
 “ a very pretty kind of Man---had let
 “ him into the Secret---and---he might
 “ venture to assure us---it was done by
 “ *the Papists* --- which put him in Mind
 “ that---that he had actually read on the
 “ Monument---that the Papists had be-
 “ fore burnt *down London*—in the same
 “ Manner as they have now—really —
 “ swallowed it *up*.” He had no sooner
 made this Discovery, and the Bargain for
 the Candles, than he bow’d and bow’d,
 and withdrew.

He held a lighted dark Lanthorn in his
 Hand, which was very convenient for
 me, as I happened to have the Curiosity
 to follow him. He led me through se-
 veral Streets, and at last sunk down all of
 a sudden in *Maiden-lane*. Upon looking
 sharply I found he had descended a Flight
 of Stairs into a lighted Cave; which I
 immediately entered, and found to be a
 very curious and extraordinary Cyder-cel-
 lar :

lar: There I saw a mixt Company, composed of People of all Ranks. It was indeed a Medley in the utmost Perfection: every manual Occupation, or intellectual one, seemed to have a Representative in it; every great Philosopher had here a greater Champion: You are at once surrounded by *Toland*s, *Tindal*ists, *Woolston*ists, *Morgan*ists, *Mandevell*ians and *Club*ists. They agree in nothing but a Love of every thing subterranean, and Hatred of almost every thing upon Earth, except Tobacco. If ever they are dug up alive, I am in hopes, they will excuse the Liberty I take, with Respect to their Notions or Opinions; far be it for me to affirm any thing upon my own Knowledge: What I have said was told me by one of their own Community. For all I could observe was, that Mirth and Festivity still attended them: Frolick and Laughter and Vocal Musick afforded all their Raptures. Like merry Passengers in a Ship, who keep up the same Jollity, let their Apartment move where it will. A Bookseller, who hap-

pened to be near me, told the Doctor,
 “ they had no Reason to regret their
 “ change of Place; for as their chief
 “ Pleasure lay always under-ground, it
 “ was the same Thing to a Man of
 “ Sense, whether it was ten Miles or ten
 “ Feet from the Surface.” The Doctor
 replied, “ That he had read in *Ælian*—
 not in *Ælian*—but in Monsieur *Fontenelle*,—that all the Spots—we see in the
 Moon—for none but Nurses and Children,
 and such kind of People believe—
 that there is any Man in the Moon—
 that is, any Man that we can see — —
 that—a—a— that the Spots we were mentioning—are so many concave Places,
 that is, hollow Places — that are shaded
 from the Light of the Sun—so that—
 and it is very probable that the Inhabitants of the Moon—live in them—and I
 imagine we may pass our Time as pleasantly in *hollow Places*, — as they—I am
 sure my Lady—not my Lady *C--r--l--e*,—
 for I never was of a Party with her — in
 a *Cellar* — however. — I do not care to
 mention

mention her Name—but her Ladyship says there is actually a good deal of Pleasure—really in *hollow Places*.”

I was another Time a Spectator of a Scene entirely different from that I have just described. Another Tribe of fallen Angels had raised another *Pandæmonium*. It was a most gorgeous Edifice; no less extraordinary in its Way than that strange kind of Beings, by whom it was erected: In short, the *Jews* every Moment expected their *Messiah*, and prepared a Mansion to receive him,

Gid'on, led them on,
Gid'on, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Earth; for ev'n on Earth his Looks
and Thoughts
Were always downward bent. MILTON.

I took an Opportunity to inquire after their late favourite Haunt in *Change-Alley*, and was told, with a dreadful Sigh, that “not one Stone was left upon another.” The Stocks (I wisper'd softly

softly to Mr. *Jacob H-n-q-s*) must be fallen as well as every Thing else ; when, to my great Surprise, he gasped a Smile ; “ Joy shook his wither’d Limbs.” “ No, no, (he cry’d) they rise upon our “ fall. The Messiah is a coming. A “ *Temporal* Prince ! whose Kingdom is “ *on Earth* ! The *H-n-v-r--ns* must “ send *Hostages* to him. He will ac- “ cept the Scheme for paying off the “ Debts of *Worthy Great-Britain*. He “ has Money enough to out-bribe them “ all. Stockjobbing, Stockjobbing will “ gain universal Empire. I’ll have all “ the Money in *England* myself—No, I’ll “ have all the Money in *H-n-v-r*.” He would have went on with the same Kind of Vehemence, but a loud Chorus of Huzzas, with Marrow-bones and Cleavers, and other instrumental Musick, alarmed the pious Synagogue, and seemed to proclaim their Messiah arrived,

They all rushed out together, and ranged themselves along the Banks of

Fleet-

Fleet-ditch, where a strange Phænomenon had happened. A mighty Form lay floundering in the Mud, who had rolled down headlong from an opening in the upper Earth into that easy Bed, which very fortunately lay ready to receive him. It seems, it was declared by the same great Prophet, who foretold the Earthquake, that Heaven was not to be appeased without another *Curtius*, who, like the *Roman* one, would leap into that terrible Pit to save his Country : Upon which that Great Man Mr. Orator *H-n-l-y*, to crown all his Labours, and finish Life with a victorious Stroke for *Old England*, undertook the Expedition, and met with the miraculous Escape already mentioned. For some time to be sure he was entirely motionless : But the very same Fire of Temper, that made him plunge in so boldly, still appeared in every Feature of his Face. There was, in truth, so little of any thing sublunary about him, that the Gentlemen in Wiskers now thought their Deliverer was certainly come : They looked at him with
all

all that wild Veneration, we may suppose the People called *Frogs* expressed, when they saw the Log of Wood in their Marsh, which *Jupiter* threw among them to be their King. For my part, I was very sorry to see him lie so long in the Wet, for fear he might gather rust; not that I suppose, with our great Sati-
 rist, he has any *native Bronze* about him; but I was in Pain for a Suit of brazen Armour, which he put on with a great deal of Propriety, upon acting the Part of an Hero. However, he did not continue long in this Plight, for the Pious Mr. *Gid'on*, with a Train of the Rabbi, bore him away into the Temple or *Pandæmonium*, and exalted him upon a very pompous Shrine. There he stood, like *Rabelais* in the Convent, when he counterfeited the Image of *St. Francis*, and received the Adoration of a whole Tribe of deluded Friars. In the Fury of their Devotion they set about circumcizing him: But no sooner had they forced open the Armour, and applied the holy Instruments to his Flesh, than he
 bounded

bounded out of their Hands, and roar'd
 about like an angry Lion: He ahen fi-
 gur'd round the Dome, right Hand and
 left, dealing about victorious Strokes for
 Old *England* on every Side: The Multi-
 tude, struck with a religious Panick,
 pour'd out of the Synagogue, like a Tor-
 rent, trampling one another under-foot in
 their Flight: In vain were all their *He-
 brew* Prayers; no *Red-Sea* divided to re-
 ceive them. Five hundred Three-score
 and eleven lay dead in the Scene of Ac-
 tion. Mr. *Abraham Shylock* died worth
 three hundred thousand Pounds in Cash.
 Mr. *Jeremiah Tubal* possessed so much in
 the Stocks, that when they were most
 below par, he was Master of two hun-
 dred thousand Pounds and odd.

* * * * *

* * * * * *hiatus in M. S.* * * * * *

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Mr. *Isaac Van Sampson* could count any
 Day in the Year in the Bank of *Holland*,
 the Funds in *England* and Actions in *Pa-
 ris*, to the Tune of four hundred thousand
 Pounds. No doubt they *died well*. As

D

for

for the worthy Mr. *Gid'on*, he is not as yet gather'd to his Fathers ; only he lost almost all his Teeth, together with one of his Eyes, so that I am afraid he'll not make any great Figure for the future, either at Court or at a Levy. These are thy Triumphs, thy Exploits, O *H-nl-y* ! May Pyramids be rais'd to thy Fame ! To you is it owing that Earthquakes, that Stock-Jobbers are no more.

There was a strong Rumour that the *H—h B——f* of *W——r* was made Commissioner of the Window Tax, for his extraordinary Skill in Calculations ; for which he is so famous that even the Friends of Sir *G. V.* must allow him to be versed in the *Golden Rule*.

In any other Times I should wonder at the complying Temper every one shewed in paying this Tax ; although it might be easily proved that, while they were Under-ground, their Windows were to all Intents and Purposes stopt up.

Egad !

Egad ! I had like to forget my Friend C-ll-y C-bb-r, who made me very merry one Night over a Bottle of Sack. He told me that soon after the Nation fell in Labour of the Scrutiny, he met the Earthquake at a House of carnal Recreation near *Temple-Bar*; where L--d G— passed the Evening with his good Friend, on the late Election, Mr. P-t-r W—d. For, egad ! (said he) I am not the only Person, who has his * “Lord and Whore.” I heard them both (added he) making Apologies for their Lives, when Death seemed so near them : The former drank off a Bumper *To publick Spirit and down with the Rump*; which the latter looked upon to be bawdy, and refused to drink : But L. G. had soon an Opportunity of returning the Compliment ; for when P-t-r, who was now reformed, gave *Down with Women of Pleasure*, he imagined it to be a whiggish Toast, from a Passage in the Freeholder, representing those Ladies as no Enemies to our Friends abroad ; and

* See Mr. Pope.

as he was now changed again, he would not drink against his Conscience. But in all Probability they would have quarelled more than ever *Brutus* and *Cassius* did; and, indeed, if Lord *Tareum* had not came in and told them, *upon his Honour*, there would be no Earthquake, I cannot positively determine what would happen.

F—te was there, and the two *D—ls*, “*more or less.*” *F—te* was very joyous upon the *bumbugging Plan*. But he is famous for bearing Distress, and may be truly said, now he is Under-ground, to have been in every Scene of Life from the highest to the lowest.

I asked an *Irish Gentleman*, whose Whistle I recollected, for some *bloody News*, He answered, “By Gad, there
 “is very good News of Mr. *J—ns—n* in
 “the City: the *present* Sheriff of *London*
 “is *dead*, and we can have Jubilee Balls:
 “Gad d—n me, the Ladies will be all
 glad

“ glad of it to a Man.” Then he whistled off.

The worshipful Mr. *F---d---g* was very busy Under-ground in writing of high Life. By the by, he intends to handle the Ladies pretty freely in this new Work; for which Reason, and because I have a Habit of keeping their Secrets, I shall not say a Word of any Female Adventures.

I hunted out Mr. *H--d--l* by my Ear; as the Lion, who is defective in Scent, is said to do the Beasts, by listening to the Noise they make in their Flight. I pursued the Musick I heard, 'till I found the Author of it playing upon an Organ in a spacious Cave all furnished with precious Stones and every way beautifully romantick.

*From the arched Roof,
Pendent by subtle Magic, many a Row,
Of starry Lamps, and burning Cressets,
fed*

With

*With Naptha and Asphaltus, yielded
Light
As from a Sky.*

MILTON.

Were *H-and-l* away, I should have thought this Cave was wrought by the *Hand of Nature*; but while he played, I could not help imputing it all to the *Voice of Harmony*.

I went from Grotto to Grotto (for Thousands of them lie all together and form a delightful Labyrinth) and viewed a Variety of Scenes. I cannot help mentioning the Cave of Spleen, so poetically and so humorously described in the Rape of the Lock: There I saw Ladies, changed, by the Power of this Deity, into Tea-Pots, Goose-Pies, Glas-Bottles, and what not? One glass Lady gave me a broad Hint, that, whatever some People might say, she thought a Man might easily go into a Bottle.

In this Ramble I met with my Friend
the

the Doctor again. He took me by the Hand, and said in a very earnest Manner. " I have got—something, upon my Word, Sir—of very great Consequence—to tell you—I have got a Couple—of really pretty Kind of Ladies—they are actually as pretty as ever I saw in my Life—actually in a dark Room—you may see Sir—upon my Word—all their Charms—though it may appear very odd—actually in a dark Room—for—for I have at last made a—a compleat—*Camera obscura*—and the Ladies I speak of—though they are not the Inside of the Wall—that is, of the Earth—but really the Outside—yet as I have accommodated a Hole in the Wall—if I may so speak—they may be seen—ho—hah—really in the Inside." Never was I more desirous to see a Couple of Ladies in my Life. " Lead me, dear Doctor, said I to these protecting Angels. You and I are certainly Princes, and we have each of us a *Flora* to receive us in our Misfortunes."

With

With that he led me to the happy Place, where I grew wild with Raptures, when I beheld a Glimpse of the Sun once more through that Opening, which the Doctor only admired, as it served to let in the Objects reflected upon the Wall: At the same Time I often heard Musick over my Head; from all which my Return into the World seemed now at hand. When the Flurry upon my sudden Reverse of Fortune was over, I had Leisure to attend the lucky Experiment. There was an Image on the Wall of every Thing without; I saw in a rural scene two of the loveliest Forms I ever yet beheld, who continued in one Attitude, and seemed listening to the Musick Underground. Surely, cried I, the World is turned into a Paradise, and Angels are sent to possess it. Really, said the Doctor, I verily believe, they are Angels--- for otherwise---if they were only People of Fashion---I should have seen them---at one public Place or other---really before. But I could forbear no longer; I widened the Opening, destroyed the Ca-

mera

mera Obscura, leap'd up into the World, and saw the Miss G——gs. Heavens! How angelic! They soon helped to lift out Doctor L--f-n, and welcomed us both from Under-ground: Then, acquainting us that we had got *gratis* into *Vaux-Hall*, they enquired concerning the subterranean Musick. The Doctor informed them of the whole Affair, and said in the Conclusion, "I am—Ladies, upon my Word I am—a good deal obliged to you—for taking me out—really actually—for taking me *out* of the *Hole*—not but I should have been—really—more pleased—if—if—*on the contrary*—ho—ho—oh I recollect I must make a visit—to my Lady T——nd—but I cannot help observing—upon my Word, Ladies—before I go---that neither you—neither one nor the other—may be—said—to be *beautiful*—for you are really so far from it---that you are actually *Beauty itself*."

While I have been pursuing these Adventures in a World of Prodigies, in what a different Scene have you been engaged. All the Charms of Nature, all the Embellishments of Art lie ready to captivate

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you.

(28.)

you in *Italy*: your polite Imagination is this Instant perhaps entertained in that Scene of elegant Wonders, by the modern Sculptors, Architects and Painters; or the curious Memorials still remaining of the *Roman* Genius and Empire; by the beauteous Face of the Country, where every Landscape is of itself a Poem; or by comparing the Country with the Descriptions of the Antients, which are more than Poems: Nay, *your own* Descriptions will rival even *theirs*; and when I think of your Answers to my Letters, I look upon myself, in writing to you, as putting into a Lottery, where I am sure of a great Prize. Adieu! my Friend?

May Jove restore you, when your Toils
are o'er,

Safe to the Pleasures of your native Shore.

HOMER.

Richmond,

May 17. 1750.

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